

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, April 10. 1708.

I Recommended you lately to a dark Search into the Infernal Libraries, where all the famous Registers of Darkness are kept, and told you, that there you might find the original Schemes of these Politicks, that prompted Eternal Jealousies between Subjects and Sovereigns; and from thence in a direct Chain of Causes and Consequences I trac'd the black Project of charging the Scots with a Design of joining with French Invaders.

Shall I now tell you, if you please to take another View, you will see not only who would not join with them, but who would. — And upon this Enquiry let me frame you a short Catechise for the Subject, I know not how dull we may be, but every Boy of ten Year Old in Scotland could answer directly to it, and therefore I'll for the Purpose suppose you talking by Way of Question

and Answer; and what if I should make a *Rebearfal* be the Querist, and one of the *Caudees* of *Edinburgh*, that is the same thing as a Black Guard-Boy in *London*, be Respondent? I'll endeavour to do none of them any Wrong.

Boy. Do you want a *Caudee*, Sir? *

Note, the Boys in Edinburgh ply so, to be sent of Errands, or to light you Home.

Rebearfal. Come hither, *Sirrah*, are you a *Caudee*?

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Suppos: this the Night the French Fleet appear'd before they heard of the English.

Rebearfal. Are

Rebearfal. Are you Loyal, Caudée?

Boy. Shame fau me, Master, and I think, *ean o' them* will be like geud Men as that makes.

Boy. How do ye mean, Master?

Rebearfal. Are you for Queen ANN, you Rogue?

Rebearfal. Yes, yes, they are all against the Union, they hate the Union.

Boy. Yes, Master, God blefs Duke Ha——ton.

Boy. Shame fau me, Master, and ean o' them come in for au that.

Note again, that was the Way to distinguish in the Time of the Union-Parliament.

Rebearfal. Why so, Boy?

Rebearfal. Thou art an honest Caudée, I believe truly.

Boy. They are *au fause Loons*, I'll not trust them.

Boy. Faith, Master, I am for King *James VIII.* God blefs him, I hope, he is a coming.

Rebearfal. Why they, they hate the Union?

Rebearfal. You, Sirrah, for King *James VII.*; if he comes, what can you do for him?

Boy. Indeed they do that; but they do no love the *Frenches* for au that.

Boy. I'll do all I can, Master, I'll huzza and hollo' for him, and throw Stones at the *Englisbes*, as I did at the *Dogs* that brought down the Equivalent.

Rebearfal. Well, but they are for any Body that will deliver them from the Union and the *Englisb.*

Rebearfal. Why did you throw Stones at them?

Boy. Indeed no, they cry out upon the Union, Master, because 'tis against the Covenant; but Dee'l take me, Master, the *Frenches* are all Popish, and that's the muckle Dee'l indeed, that is twice as much against the Covenant as t'other.

Boy. Because it was the Price of our Country, and ruin'd us all.

Rebearfal. But the *French* promise to make no Alteration.

Rebearfal. Well done, my Boy, how do ye make that out?

Boy. The Kirk will never trust to that, Master, nor would I have my Master King *James* trust them; Dee'l a Man of them will help him, for they hate '*French* Men and Popery, as bad as they do Prelacy and the Union.

Boy. Why it settled these damn'd *Presbyters* and *Kirk* Folks, and they ruin us all.

Rebearfal. How do they ruin ye?

Rebearfal. Thou art mistaken, *Boy*—— But however you must say they will joyn them, for it is a great Deal of Service to our Cause.

Boy. Why we can no swear, nor be drunk, nor the Gentlemen mun no whore a little, but they pretend to have them up before the *Kirk-Session*, and set them upon the Pillar, and such things as these.

Boy. Does it, Master, than I will say so aloud.

Rebearfal. Go, you are a Fool; these *Kirk-Men* are all for us now, *Boy*, they'll all joyn with the new King.

I hope, Mr. *Rebearfal*, I mean the *London Rebearfal*, will not take it for granted that this is meant of him, for there may be
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Rehearsals in Scotland, as well as here; not but that if the Coat will fit him, he may wear it; I am sure it fits his Party, and the Contrivance has so many Ends to answer, and fits them all so well, that it discovers its Authors in the thing it self.

But I come now to tell you, as I promis'd, who they are that really would joyn with the *French*, and had they come on *Shear*, would have appear'd for them, and who by Consequence would have thrown the Jealousie off from themselves upon the *Presbyterians*; and as Cases stand now, it is necessary to single these out, that we may know them again upon the like Occasion.

And these People I shall sort into a few Classes, just as they distinguish themselves in their Actions.

1. All those People that so impolitickly discover'd their Joy at the News, that the *French* were a coming, and that could so ill contain themselves as to rejoyce in publick, and declare their Deliverance was at hand.

2. All those that in the same weak Manner by their Chagrin and Discontent discover'd their Disappointment and Sorrow, that the *French* were defeated.

Perhaps indeed these may be but the same Persons, tho' put here into two Classes.

3. Those who in the last Proclamation for a Fast, refused to joyn with the rest of the People, in praying to GOD for the Success of Her Majesty's Arms; or shall refuse again to give Thanks for our Deliverance, wishing rather the Victory should be against us in Behalf of Tyranny and Popery.

I could give you more Descriptions a great many, but these may lead you to distinguish Persons; and if not, let me give you the rest in another Letter I have receiv'd from that Country very lately; in which you will see plainly, who and who is together there.

S I R,

I Receiv'd your Letter, in which you desire me to give you an Account, how our People behave themselves here upon the Disappointment of the *French Invasion* and the Presen-

der; All honest People are sensible both of the Goodness of GOD in our Deliverance, and of the Care of the Care of the English in protecting and defending us; and I must tell you, that this Invasion has had a very great Tendency to the setting right our mistaken People, and reconcile them more effectually to the Union; the People that talk'd so much against the Union, and wish'd it broke, and call'd now who came so they were but deliver'd from the Union, have found their Mistake now: They never had so near a Prospect of Popery and French Government as they had now, and when they began to see a French Power stare in their Faces, and the very Fleet appear'd in the Firth, they were presently brought to their Senses, and as one Man, cry'd to Arms to Arms, to resist Popery and French Men; and thus far I think, the Frigate has done us no Harm, and the News, you have sent us, of their being gone back again to Dunkirk, has made us all glad.

On the other hand the Jacobites and Episcopal Dissenters, for they are the same Thing here, are down in the Mouth, they are melancholly and dejected to the last Degree, and give us all the Demonstrations possible of their Sorrow at the Disappointment—

I am Yours, &c.

Really, Gentlemen, the Rest of this Letter is so ill-natur'd upon our beloved Friends the Jacobites, that in Hopes of their Reformation I forbear it—I rejoyce, that our Friends have obtain'd *French Spectacles*, and paid no dearer for them, and I must own, I rejoyce in the Afflictions of the Jacobites upon this Head, because they mourn for the Deliverance of their Native Country.

I might run a short Parallel between the present Temper of our Northern Jacobites, and the High Flyers on the South of Tweed, for really it's much the same Thing—And as I have often remark'd upon them, that they rejoyce when the Confederates meet with Disasters, enlarge them, applaud the Enemies, magnifie his Power and Successes, and lessen us as much as may be; just so they look dejected, and hang their Heads when the Enemy meet with Disappointments; in short, a Scots Jacobite and an English High Flyer are the same thing, and

and it is no Wonder so much Money has been rais'd by one for the other; I wish they would be so honest to themselves, as to vindicate their Conduct in that Affair of the Charity, by letting the World see how much they rais'd, and how they disposed it; till which Time it will make us a little vociferous about the employing that Money.



ADVERTISEMENT S.

Lately Publish'd,

A New Description of the World, delineating *Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Historical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Customs, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rarities thereof. By *H. Curson, Gent.* Sold by *John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.*

RICKETS in Children, *Infallib'y Cur'd tho' never so BAD,*

By Pleasant Chymical **DROPS**, which make a Surprizing Alteration upon the Spot, and being taken as Directed, absolutely Cure that Distemper, tho' of never so long standing, to Admiration: They take off the Dulness **RICKETT** Children are subject to, immediately, making them brisk, airy, and pleasant; create an Appetite, procure a good Digestion, strengthen the Limbs beyond Comparison, restore Children that are weakly, pining, and Consumptive; causing their loose soft Flesh to grow hard and firm; their Joints to become strong; and in a Word most miraculously Cure the **RICKETS**, with all attending Symptoms, in Children of all Ages, in a very short Time, to a wonder, as hath been sufficiently Experienced. The **DROPS** are so very Pleasant, that no Child will refuse to take them. Are Sold only at Mrs. Bradbury's, Toy-Shop, at the Golden-Ball, against Stocks-Market, in the Poultry, at 3s. a Bottle, with Directions.

BARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd so Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the Shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to Infants of a Day Old, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By *P. Bartlett* at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street in Goodmans Fields, London.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his Trusses himself, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.

Thomas Pritchard, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near *St. Paul's*, London, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to *Mr. Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*, London, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprise, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that *I Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Polneys Lane*, *Cannonstreet*, London, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late *Mr. Christopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of **GOD**, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Educated therein.